

EDITORIALS

Industry and Parks Too!

The current controversy over the proposal to condemn a large section of property north of the new Civic Center for a city park has some deep-rooted convictions—political and otherwise.

No one will argue with the value of adequate parks and playgrounds to a city. There are always those who will vote for an improvement on the thesis that it's free. There are others who want to know what it is going to do to their tax bills and whether it is the wisest type of improvement for the greatest number of our residents.

Here is a situation where it is to be hoped that extremists on both sides of the lines already formed will reach common ground where the greatest good will result for Torrance.

We don't think the new Civic Center should be completely fenced in by advancing industry. Neither do we believe that all the land now available should be absorbed into one very expensive park. Some part of the land should be used as soon as possible by industry and the balance set up as an adequate buffer for further development of the Civic Center site.

The very character of the geographical boundaries of Torrance calls for development of several smaller park sites to serve the needs of the numerous communities that have sprung up within the city's extensive limits. These will cost money. But, in our opinion, it will be money thoughtfully and sensibly invested in the future of this community.

Let's not go off the deep end in any direction. Let us together work out a wise plan for bringing adequate parks and playgrounds to every section of Torrance and still end up with further industrial development upon which this city depends so much.

Brotherhood Week Coming

Our calendar is not large enough to take care of all the special "Weeks" that have become so much a part of our American life. None, in our opinion, is more important than that coming up Sunday when we all observe Brotherhood Week.

It is unfortunate that in our every day living we have to be reminded to pause for a week of observation of simple principles that should be as much a part of us as breathing and sleeping. But fortunately, we have the National Council of Christians and Jews to thank for this annual reminder that we must give to our fellowmen the same respect and consideration we expect from them, regardless of race, color, or creed.

Thoughtlessness in speaking, carelessness in thinking, can trap an individual into a revelation of prejudice that can do himself great harm and cause irreparable damage to the helpless target of his prejudice.

This year, as in all the years past since the inception of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, great men of all religions and colors head up the national observance. Gatherings will be held in large and small communities the nation over and it will be a time for all men of good will to get together in fine fellowship engendered by mutual respect and understanding.

Bright February

February, the weatherman pointed out, is usually a dull month characterized by several days of rain and very little sunshine. Weatherwise, he was correct. But his complicated weather instruments failed to register a very special ray of sunshine which manifests itself here each February. It can be seen throughout the Southland in the very eyes of its residents... for February is the month that the public opens its hearts and its pocketbooks to the Girl Scouts of the United States of America.

Clad in their crisply feminine uniforms, the Girl Scouts will set out February 8 to insure continuance of their all-important program. This year's cookie sale will come to a whirlwind finish on-February 23.

In past years we have pointed out to our readers that the purchase of Girl Scout cookies is one of the most economical purchases on the American market. The cookies, in four choice varieties, are well worth their 50-cent price tag. Basically, they are good to eat and worth the price for that reason alone. But, your purchase goes further than that. It insures continuance of the program for another year; it makes it possible for other girls to join the movement; and it deals another killing blow to juvenile delinquency. All this for just 50 cents.

Between now and Feb. 23 a little girl will no doubt approach you and offer up a box of Girl Scout cookies for sale. Before you turn her down, remember this one thing: "Sugar 'n spice and everything nice, that's what Girl Scouts and their cookies are made of."

Remember Me!
REMEMBER to send in your MARCH OF DIMES MAILER today!

Includes THE MARCH OF DIMES MAILER

Sassy Valentines

To Seey Chas. WILSON

To JOHN FOSTER DULLES. To be Cupid's target Brings joy to any man— But arrows aimed at you, John, Don't come from little Dan!

YOU COULD USE A NATIONAL GUARD PLATOON ROUND YOU FLUNG, A GROUP OF GUARDSMEN SPECIALLY TRAINED, TO HELP YOU GUARD YOUR TONGUE!

To NEHRU LOVE THY NEIGHBOR (YOU SAY) USE OF FORCE IS NOT RIGHT— UNLESS, O' COURSE, IT'S YOUR NEIGHBOR— THEN, T'B E SURE, YOU WILL FIGHT!

To Nasser You think you're a Big Shot— As big as the Sphinx— But it's OIL, not you, That's Biggest, methinks!

REG-MANNING

YOUR PROBLEMS

By ANN LANDERS

Dear Ann Landers: You changed my life. While I was packing to leave my husband of eight weeks, the mailman delivered your letter. You told me not to leave him, but to urge him to see a doctor.

Well, I finally persuaded him to get a physical check-up. The tests showed he was dangerously anemic. The doctor said it was a miracle he was able to get out of bed in the morning and go to work.

Now I know why he showed so little interest in married life. It wasn't that he didn't care for me any more. He just lacked the normal amount of red blood in his veins. The shots and pills have helped a lot and he feels much better already. You saved our marriage. Ann, God bless you. — THE NEWLY WEDS.

Dear Ann: I'm a girl 17 and had a very nice baby-sitting business worked up until recently.

I charge fair prices and give excellent service. The children all like me very much and I'm a responsible, dependable girl. I never help myself to food, yak on the telephone or fall asleep on the job.

A certain girl in our neighborhood has taken some of my customers away because she's cut her prices and charges less than I do. This girl invites fellows over when the people are away and does other things which are "against the rules."

Shall I meet this competition by cutting my prices, too? Mother says "Yes." Father says "No." What do you say? — BARBY.

I say why cut your prices if you feel they are fair? Don't worry about the competition and what she's charging. This girl knows better than you what her services are worth.

Dear Ann: You've helped lots of people so maybe there is hope for me. My husband is the problem. He doesn't shut his mouth from the minute he gets up in the morning until he goes to sleep at night. He's not particularly well-informed on any subject but that doesn't stop him.

There's no such thing as a conversation with this man. His voice drowns out everyone. I've lived with him 30 years and he's getting worse all the time. The doctor says it's his nerves that make him talk constantly. Is this possible? — S. E.

It's not only "possible" but highly probable. How about going to the doctor and getting something for YOUR nerves? In the meantime, read the following letter for comfort.

Dear Ann: I married a

sphinx. He never says hello or goodbye or anything in between. It's enough to drive a person crazy.

When I ask him questions to get him to talk, he merely nods or grunts. I haven't had a full sentence out of him in 10 years.

If you can suggest a way to get him to open up I'd be grateful. I'm so sick of the Stone Man I could die.

—M.W.R.

Dying won't help. Since you seem to have picked a clam with a broken hinge resign yourself to his silence. It may relieve the monotony to invite gabby guests in, at least you'll hear voices. Perhaps the letter just above may be of some consolation when you get to feeling too sorry for yourself.

Dear Ann: My husband was born with a hair-lip.

When we were married six years ago it didn't bother me very much. I realized, however, he had very little education, but figured he had so many things in his favor it wouldn't matter.

He's a kind person, hard-

working and neat-appearing. He treats me well and he's a good father to our two children. Two years ago he had surgery on his lip which improved his looks but it's still noticeable.

Lately I've become so aware of his disfigurement it's making a nervous wreck of me. I have the feeling everyone is looking at him, and at me, too.

Shall I stay with him for the children's sake and go to pieces? Do you think perhaps I just need a vacation away from him or what?

—MISERABLE X.

What you need is an introduction to your real feelings. It isn't the "hare-lip" (call it a cleft palate, please) that's bothering you. This is just the excuse you give yourself. You married this man aware of his "defect" and brought two children into the world. The disfigurement hasn't become worse, in fact it's been improved. You need professional help.

(Ann Landers will be happy to help you with your problems. Send them to her in care of the HERALD and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.) (C) 1957, Field Enterprises, Inc.

GLAZED BITS

By BARNEY GLAZER

Define a stenographer any way you wish, but personally I think she's a gal you pay weekly while she is learning to take shorthand while she is waiting to find a husband.

Currently, my latest do-it-yourself project is a gadget for certain self-made men. When completed, the invention will turn their heads and wring their necks at the same time.

From my careful study of the ruins of various ancient countries, I am convinced they were caused by wives who insisted on trying to squeeze their chariots through wide garage doors.

My brother doesn't approve of do-it-yourself endeavors. He's more inclined towards a movement described as: "How to Get Out of Doing It Yourself."

What's all this chatter about the High Cost of Living? What's keeping me on my toes is the cost of high living.

If you don't like salt, you might try improving its flavor by dropping it on a large delicious charcoal broiled steak.

Auto salesmen are boasting

that their 1957 models are much lower, but the new prices indicate they're much higher.

It's getting harder than ever to find a parking space at curbside. A new car is so long it uses two and three meters at a time.

Who remembers the old RustCraft penny valentines?

I remember one depicting a two-headed man, with one face kind and handsome, and the other face mean and ugly. The idea being to kid your best friends by sending them one with the following message: Slanderer, perhaps you never saw, Yourself thus drawn behind before, I'd never wed a wretch so base Who always wears a double face; A wretch in whom no virtues shine Shall never be my Valentine.

Al Harrison plaintalks this one my way, about the youngster who asked his father: "Dad, will you tell me something?" "No," replied his father, "go ask your mother." "But, dad," protested the youngster, "I don't want to know that much about it."

I wasted an entire day to-day. I didn't laugh once.

The SQUIRREL CAGE

By REID BUNDY

Still have any old Christmas cards laying around that you haven't thrown away yet?

Well, we got a call for some this week from the other side of the world, so if you would like to make someone happy, just bundle them up and send along to:

P. Caironi, S.J. Cherukunno P-6 N. Malabar, India

The Rev. Fr. Caironi operates a little mission deep in India, and we understand Christmas cards there are more important than money.

It has just occurred to me that the easiest way to make the average man mad is to refer to him as an average man. What do you think?

But it takes more than the average man to think up something like this—a coffee maker that can be plugged into a cigarette lighter of a car. Just what the average man needs, however.

Especially if he's like one average man we know. He said about the time he got to where he could understand women, his wife wouldn't let him out of the house nights.

He could have been a victim of the thinking that brought out a revision of the old saw and made it read: You can't fool all the people all the time—some of them are fooling you.

What this guy should have done was bought his wife some Vitamin B lipstick—it's made especially for gals with anemic boy friends.

Anyway, supposing this guy could get out nights. The only kind of parking he could find around here anymore is illegal and 'No'!

And even then, with power brakes, he could stop on a dime if he saw a parking space, but it usually costs about \$100 to get the rear end fixed because the guy behind you didn't see the dime.

Well, that's the way it goes. Some weeks it's worse.

"Flattery is like perfume—you're supposed to smell it, not swallow it!"

ALL-AMERICAN VALENTINE!

To Miss Columbia The Nation's Sweetheart - The North

To Miss Columbia The Nation's Sweetheart - The South

To Miss Columbia The Nation's Sweetheart - The West

To Miss Columbia The Nation's Sweetheart - The East

The Freelancer

By TOM RISCHÉ

Looks as if the style in Valentines is changing. This year, I could only find a few of the poison-pen Valentines which used to catch my eye on card store racks.

It used to be that Valentines expressed such tender sentiments as "Happy Valentine's Day, you old sourpuss," or "Why bother, Valentine, you haven't got a heart."

Such thoughts have largely disappeared today and only a few subtle jibes, like "Winter, summer, spring, or fall, I've got no use for you at all."

According to the experts, 80 per cent of the Valentines these days are sent on their way by women. Now that American women outnumber the men, the girls must figure that they'd better get busy or be left behind in their old age with a parrot and a rocking chair.

Anyway, some 400,000,000 assorted Valentines will be winging their way through the mails today to gladden or sadden somebody's heart. At the same time, candy stores will have a run on heart-shaped boxes of mints, chocolates, and nut-covered goodies which may please milady, but also may make her fat.

Somehow, the extra lacy type of Valentine which the kiddies used to exchange has given way to plainer, less flowery sentiments, which probably is as it should be. Any absent-minded husband who perennially forgets his anniversary or her birthday can make up for his oversight on Valentine's Day.

Let any such individual who reads this make a dash for his nearest card store. Then, if his spouse isn't detestable, he can get her a box of candy. If she is, he can pick up a bottle of perfume, a dainty unmentionable, or a bunch of posies.

Elementary school children have been diligently pasting red hearts together during the past few days and today will present them to proud mamas and papas, even though they may say simply, "I love you!" It's the sentiment, not the artistic ability which really counts.

St. Valentine's Day is a time for sentiment and sweethearts. Or, as somebody put it: Roses are red. Violets are blue. This sentiment's corny. And so are you.

THE LAST WORD

The Tenth Amendment says that all powers not given to the United States government shall belong to the states or to the people.

In any showdown, one court—the Supreme Court—says whether the federal or the state governments (or nobody) can do certain things.

Hence the case of the sturdy Captain Gideon Olmstead, the first man who tested this court power. And what a time he had!

In 1778 the British ship "Active" captured Captain Olmstead's fishing boat upon the open sea and took his three-man crew aboard to help sail a war cargo to New York. But Olmstead and his three men drove the British below deck. While Olmstead headed for New Jersey his men kept up a battle with the crew below. After two days the American brig "Convention" hoisted and took over and its captain, Thomas Houston, claimed the "Active" as a prize since there was still fighting going on.

Olmstead protested, but the brig brought in the prize to Philadelphia.

Under the Articles of Confederation states like Pennsylvania had set up admiralty courts to decide claims arising at sea. The Philadelphia court gave Olmstead only one-fourth the prize.

So Olmstead appealed to a committee of the Continental Congress named to review all cases of capture at sea. It decided for Captain Olmstead. The Pennsylvania court at once denied the committee's right to upset its jury's verdict.

Meanwhile, we had given

up the Articles of Confederation and adopted the Constitution which lodged admiralty powers in the federal government.

For 31 hard-fought years the case shuttled between state and federal courts. Everybody got into the act—the governor, the legislature, Congress, and even President Madison.

In 1809 the U. S. Supreme Court upheld a lower court which had decided that the Committee of Congress was right. This was a victory for Olmstead.

In this showdown Pennsylvania called out her troops. Rebellion spread. The U. S. Marshal swore in a 2000 man posse to take over the prize money for Olmstead. Finally when President Madison himself said the Court had the backing of the U. S. government, the Pennsylvania legislature gave in.

Poor Olmstead at 83 got his prize money, but he won a bigger case for the Supreme Court before the American people. As so often happens, a Supreme Court case involves justice for one man, in this case a humble fisherman. But the issue was national in scope.

Note: California lawyers offer this column for you to know more about our laws.

LAW IN ACTION

My Neighbors

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